A

POEM

On that Execrable

TREASON

Plotted by the Papists on the

5th of *November*, *Anno* 1605.

Flectere si nequeunt Superos Acheronta movebunt.

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A Poem on that Execrable Treaſon Plotted by the Papiſts on the 5th of *November*, *Anno* 1605.

1

'TWas in a day, whoſe ſmiling face
Might tempt with raviſhing delight
Heavens dwellers down to take a ſight;
Not that they it, but that it them might grace.
Flowrs, *Phœnix* like, from others aſhes riſe,
So freſh and fair,
As ready to prepare
A ſecond Paradiſe,
Or marry luſty earth to th' azure skies.
The ſweet breath'd *Zephirus* wooes
Coy *Flora*, and ſtill ſhow'rs,
Into her lap whole heaps of flow'rs,
Who flying pou'rs (goes
Them on earth's face, while he poor Lover murmuring
Whiſp'ring out in warm ſighs his woes.
The river that e're while
Curl'd up his face in frowns, fann'd with a gentle gale,
Lets them ſhrink all
To th' dimples of a ſmile.

The loving flow'rs did bow their heads to meet,
And with officious kindneſs kiſs your feet.
'Twas in thoſe chequer'd fields, where th' chryſtall ſtreams
Of reverend *Cham* do ſweetly glide,
Calm as heavens face, when candid beams,
Not clouds, his face do hide:
Illuſtrious *Cham* (upon
Whoſe ſilver ſtreams the graces train,
And all the *Muſes* reign:
That one might truly call it *Helicon.*)
'Twas here in ſuch a charming *May*,
(Not ſympathizing with the day)
The melancholly HEYRICKE lay;
Lay down (I cannot ſay did reſt)
For midſt of ſuch a joy his breaſt,
With ſtrangeſt Hurricanes oppreſt,
Thoſe charms that ne're before
Wanted a conquering pow'r, (move
Were then oppos'd: their ſubt'leſt motions ne're could
Or e're diſpoſe his duller ſoul to love.
At laſt grief that had play'd his part,
And triumph'd o're his ſences, and his heart,
To perfect his half gotten prize,
Lock'd up his eyes;
And as cold ſleep imploy'd his ſences, ſo
A flutt'ring dream poſſeſt his fancy too.

2

He thought 'twas night, and not one breath
Of whiſpering air durſt ſtir abroad,
But fearfull kept within their cloſe aboad,
Sleep then was th' onely God;

Sleep

Sleep younger brother unto death,
To whom grand conquerers all
Humble themſelves, and proſtrate fall;
Sleep then had univerſal conqueſt made,
And thoſe that juſt before durſt vie
With death it ſelf for victory,
Were in his fetters captive laid,
When a ſtrange noiſe broke through the air,
A noiſe that froze the ſtouteſt hearts with fear,
A noiſe that none would doubt to come
From hel's own womb.
The liſt'ning trees that juſt before
Prick'd up their leaves to hear
Some news, ſtruck with a fear
Turn Aſpines all: heaven ſhrouds
Her but now ſhining eyes in clouds,
Ne're willing to reſtore
Her lamps for ſuch a ſight; nor ſtrange
That peace to horrour thus ſhould change:
Hells Purſuivants cut through the air,
And bid foul ſpirits all repair
To *Pluto*'s cell.
Strait none deny'd,
Onely thoſe that in Papiſts breaſts reſide;
For there they find a worſe (which they term better) hell.

3

The Councell met; Lucifer takes his Throne,
Ith' midſt; yet loweſt (for in hell
The higheſt is the loweſt ſtill)
And belching out an horrid groan,
So great that hell 's ſelf ſhook,
With pride he much, but more by far with wrath did ſwell.

And viewing heaven with lightning in his eyes,
At once from out his mouth words and a thundring broke;
Muſt heaven, quoth he (nay worſe) muſt men deſpiſe
Our power? are we degenerate?
And though faln from our heaven, and hopes, by fate,
Muſt our courages fall too? ſure hel's fire
Might Chymically have refin'd,
The droſs from each polluted mind:
And make thoſe now-made-purer parts aſpire.
Thoſe calcin'd parts that dare to fly
And bruſh with their proud wings the sky.
Degenerate ſouls, go, baſely go
Beg mercy from your foe.
Oh! how I'de tear and rend my heart,
Should there lie hid in any part
Such poyſonous thoughts, ſhould heaven now offer's grace,
I'de dart it back into his face.
Recall once more into your thought,
How I your Captain fought
Againſt heavens arms; and though I could not get
The victory, heaven never aw'd me yet.
In my own hell I'de fry t' eternity,
Once but to try
With heaven again for victory.
Though I knew I could nothing gain,
But to ſink down to hell again,
The enterprize would doubly pay my pain.
I'le do't: I'le Gyant-like his Palace ſcale,
And make his priſon turn his Jail:
Let him to's aid his ſtarrs go hire,
They'l ſerve for torches, and for's funeral fire.

Hea-

Heavens great I muſt confeſs; and were't not ſo
I'de ſcorn to own it for my foe.
The greater is the foe 'twill be
(Once got) the greater victory.
But ſee (I break with ſpleen) that Iſle in peace
That countermines our plots, and ſtill at eaſe
Laughs at, and calms our tempeſts; and ſo well
As if not *Rome* but ſhe, had th' keys of hell.
Sure I'me a Prince, but ſtill ſome higher power,
Gently doth hover o're
Their bleſt abode; that let me play my part
Never ſo well it ſtill diverts my dart.
That great *Armada* rigg'd ſcarce at the coſt
Of all the *Indian* mines; though bleſt
By my good brother, and the reſt
Of my own kindred there at *Rome*; nay more
Pray'd for by me (that never pray'd before)
In one day it, and with it all our hopes were loſt.
And ſhall we here (poor harmleſs ſpirits) ſit,
And never once be ſenſible of it?
Shall we in ſleepiſh ſottiſhneſs ſtill lie,
As in a ſtupid Lethargy?
Shall all our conqueſts that e're while
Aw'd heaven, ſtay at one petty Iſle?
No, let us break their peace,
And make them ſwim in bloud, as now in ſeas.
Their now-Pacifick ſea lets change
To the dead ſea: let horrour range,
And fill the wondring world with monſters ſtrange.
Let drums out-roar the Lyre
And juſtice once again to heaven retire.
But why thus ſay I (let it) it ſhall come,
I in your faces read their doom.

This

4

This ſaid an humming noiſe ſucceeds,
The ſpeech had rais'd their ſpirits higher:
They now their former ſottiſhneſs admire:
Their breaſts glow not with hells but angers fire
That rous'd the ſeeds
Of wonted wrath; ſo fire doth harmleſs lie,
Cloyſter'd in aſhes till ſome wind
Blows up the ſparks, and makes it raging ſhew its
By the effects of's wonted Tyranny.
At laſt from out the reſt *Romes* fury came,
Unlike her ſiſters or the brood
Of ſwarming ſins, that round her ſtood.
Her skin heavens milky way, her eyes
Seem thoſe two tapers, that adorn the skies.
Such ſymmetry in every part
That loadſtone-like they can attract the heart:
That Owls and ſuch baſe birds of night
Are raviſh'd at the ſight.
Her ſmile ſets up a Monarchy, her frown
As quickly pulls it down;
Nay Kings muſt owe to her proud feet their Crown.
Thus ſhe deludes the raviſh'd eye,
That could it ſpy,
What under that but-skin-deep beauty lie:
(Nay painted too) he'd loath what he before,
With ſuch blind worſhip did adore,
Yet to this whore;
Nations drink off *Circaan* cups, and feaſt,
Turning from heaven to her, and ſo from man to beaſt.

Thus

Thus ſhe came forth, but all the way,
Trampled on Emperours necks that groaning lay,
Hating her now as they before did day.
On ſtill ſhe came, but with a pride,
That yielded nor to Lucifer's, or any one beſide,
For this a man may tell,
She that would rival heaven, would never yield to hell.
Then bowing with diſdain thus ſpoke;
Great Monarch, to whom earth doth homage do,
Air, ſea, men and mens ſouls too,
'Tis true we vex in vain, and this beleeve,
Both you, and I, have equal cauſe to grieve.
That Iſle before drunk with my poyſon'd wine,
At once ſhakes off your yoke and mine.
A new born light diſpels the clouds;
And with them our Religion, that ſhrouds
Her ſelf in ignorance: they ſee,
And ſeeing hate, and hating fly
Our plots, and damned treachery.
Our Maſques took off, we can no more
Deceive their ſenſes as before.
Hypocriſie no longer takes,
Our Machiavilian Plots we draw
So ſubt'ly out, their fineneſs makes them break.
In vain we ſtrive to keep the world in awe,
In vain we like *Chamelions* change
To th' colour of all objects where we range:
For ſpight of envy we, I fear,
Muſt like Chamelions too go live on air.
Come, then our forces lets unite:
And though our projects fail, let not our ſpight.
My wrangling Jeſuite ſhall ſowe

Sedition, ſtrife, and whatſoe're
May a full harveſt bear,
Of murder, rapine, theft, and woe.
——————— Well, well!
I've a new project, and as high,
As would not ill become a Deity.
And ſince heaven will not, help me hell.
I ſcorn to kill a King: 'tis baſe, and low,
Nor fits it my brave ſoul, I'le at one blow,
King and his Nobles mow,
But not the manner how, the quickeſt ſighted know.
I'le (God-like) make the Sun ſtand ſtill amaz'd,
As once when at it *Iſrael* gaz'd.
Old fearfull Grandame earth ſhall quake, and ſhit,
As troubled with an ague fit.
Oh how I'le laugh to ſee their members fly
(As though they fought againſt the Deity)
In heavens own face: thoſe that did ſcorn to move
In lower, then in higher orbes ſhall rove:
I'le blow them up to heaven, but this I'le tell, (hell.
(My comfort) they with you, and me, ſhall backward fall to
Heavens ſelf ſhall think we ope'd his door,
And ſtole from thence his chiefeſt power,
His wide-mouth'd thunder; that even he ſhall fear,
Leſt I ſhould him with his own weapons tear.
That *Hydra*, that we never yet could mow,
But for one head cut off there ſprang up two;
I'le cut the ſnake in parts ſo ſmall,
That he ſhall ne're again together crawl.
Help, help, ye fiends; from you, and from the fire
I muſt require
A means on this damn'd crue to wreak mine ire.

'Tis

'Tis thus: under that ſtately frame
* Adorn'd with Trophies of ſtill living fame, * Weſtminſter
In caverns deep (that one might ſwear
They with your Kingdom correſpondence bear)
In theſe, inſtead of wine, I'le thruſt
Hells footy duſt,
That muſt
Not onely hells colour, but forces wear.
And when the King, and Nobles all ſhall meet,
And he ſhall them with hony'd phraſes greet,
And when he ſhall
Perhaps invectively againſt us fall,
I'le ſnatch a brand from hell, made of the bones
Of ſome old Papiſt; and at once
Blow up three Kingdoms into nought; and ſend
Their King to hell, his half-ſpoke ſpeech to end.
This breach once made, my Furie's all
Cloyſter'd before, I'le ſoon disband,
And turn them on th' already conquer'd land;
And with unheard of tortures on them fall.
Unto three Furies Poets give a birth,
I'le be the fourth on earth.
Heark, hear's, methinks I hear
Some pleaſant Muſick ſtrike mine ear,
Better then whatſoe're
Harmonious ſounds, the deafned world counts dear.
Oh! 'tis the far-fetch'd grones of thoſe,
Whoſe haughty ſpirits ſcorn'd our yoak,
And muſt be broke
By tortures and by blows.

5

This ſaid the ſpirits all by a dumb Rhetorick ſhow
By ſilence, they do of the Plot allow.
Yet they though nurs'd in blood,
And i'th' profeſſion long had ſtood,
'Sham'd to be beat in their own art, they would
Have bluſh'd (if through their black they could)
Yet ſtruck they were with horrour at the firſt;
But ſtrait the thirſt
Of ſweet revenge theſe new bred fears did burſt.
Oh! how their breaſts do glow
With thoughts of this revenge; a Century of years
In hell, but the Epitome appears
Of one ſmall minute now.
And ſure ſome juſter *Nemeſis* had ſent,
Onely there thoughts for puniſhment:
For hells great pain
Is nothing to what they in expectation do ſuſtain.
Impatient, out they fly, and fill the earth
With ſtranger Monſters, then e're took a birth
In ſlimy *Egypt*; and for fear ſome eye
Should them, and their Plot too eſpy,
They turn not Aſſes in
Lyons, but Lyons in an Aſſes skin.
For well they know Aſſes go free
When Foxes oft ſuſpected be.
Turn'd to a Jeſuite here's one
That vaunts with ſtrength of words
And not of ſwords
He can plant *Romes* Religion.

And 'tis not ſtrange *Rome* can ſo ſubtly plead ;
When that old Sophiſter's their head.
No wonder that Impoſter triumphs thus
We are the ſons of *Eve*,
And he that could deceive
Our mother, quickly conquers us.
An apple tempted her, but we
Are catch'd with ſhades, and empty Pageantry.
Mean while hells fiends work in their cell
(A man might ſafely call it hell)
Hating, as did their Plot, the light ; (ſight.
Keeping from mens, and ſo they thought, from Gods own
And 'tis a wonder he that once durſt vie
With God himſelf for principality,
Should force his pride to ſtoop ſo low
As in mans ſhape to go:
But hence, you ſee what envy's ſelf can do.
England mean while, was lull'd aſleep
While her grand enemy did centry keep.
But watchfull heaven ſtill in their actions pries ;
And never ſhuts her *Galaxy* of eyes.
England i'th' midſt of day was in a night,
Wandring without a light.
England was turn'd a floating Iſle,
And in a ſea of miſery did toyl,
Wandring from's knowledge far
Without or ſight of compaſs, or of Star:
When ſtrait (me thought) a ray
Deſcends from heaven, and reduces day,
And at one bleſſed ſight,
Brings them, and that damn'd Plot to light.

England

England was even
Sinking in woe; when ſtrait an hand from heaven
It did (and ſtill does it) from ſinking keep:
And me thought, at once it roſe from woe, and I from ſleep.
Awak'd I found my breaſt,
(Grief gone) with an unknown joy oppreſt:
When my too ſwelling joy t' aſſwage;
Raptur'd with a Poetick rage,
I burſt out in theſe words, Oh! happy Iſle,
That can like kingdoms rule ſtern fate,
That can outbrave whate're
Palſie ſtrikes others, with a Pannick fear,
That one may ſtile,
Without a wild Hyperbole, thee th' onely *Fortunate*.
See ſmiling peace, wars horrour gone,
Doth crown our (rightly named) *Albion*.
No Tragedies appall the eye with fear,
No thunder-imitating noiſe the ear:
The happy natives know not war,
Onely from far,
They hear it nam'd perhaps: pure Halcion days
Attends their bleſſed lives: that canker care
Corrodes not their bleſt peace: but free as air,
They chant their lays.
Each field is pure Elizian; earth doth ſeem
To rivall heaven, and ſhow
At once what all paſt ages e're did know:
That one would deem
England her beautie's Magazine: where lie
Oppos'd to th' raviſh'd eye
Her ſweets contracted in one point: that *Jove*
Seems with the earth in love,

And

And as to *Danae* powr'd,
Not gold, but flowrs, yet whatſoe're
This Letcher ſeems by this t' infer,
She is a virgin pure not yet deflowr'd.
O land thrice happy in thy bleſſed guide,
That at full tide
Of blood, and woe, did ſteer thy wandring courſe
And break thy greateſt tempeſts force.
Thou ſit'ſt above while winds do ſtorm thy fort, (ſport.
And they that once thy terrour were, do now become thy
Peace doth not hover o're,
Our no longer tempeſtuous ſhore,
But take her ſeat: ſcattering her joyes amain (again.
That one might ſwear, ſhe had brought the golden days
And may'ſt thou ſtill (bleſt Land) embalm'd in peace,
Securely ſit, *Queen Regent* of the Seas:
And may thy wooden caſtles all about,
Keep ſweet peace in; and enemies out,
And may'ſt thou be
In a true ſence called Great *Britanny*.
And may thy glorious King loaden with praiſe,
More then with years, when Fate ſhall end his days,
(But may't be long firſt) lay his down,
As in exchange for a celeſtial Crown.

FINIS.